THE BROVVNIST HÆRESIES CONFVTED

THEIR KNAVERY ANATOMIZED, and their fleshly spirits painted at full, in a true History of one Mistris *Sarah Miller* of *Banbury* in Oxfordshire.

WHEREIN IS CONTAINED THE PREACHING OF a Barber, his zeale towards this new sister, how the the spirit of the flesh moved him, how shee granted, how she fell mad, and how *by the mercy of God she was released of all.*

Printed in the yeare, 1641.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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TO discourse of those sundry sects which now are sprung up amongst us like so many weeds in a pleasant garden is not my intent; neither will I unfold their heretical and erroneous opinions in which they daily more and more persevere, but I have pitched my meditations on such a corrupt Sect which is enough to fill the world with wonder.

It was in a town called Banburie, in the Countie of Oxford, a place alwayes too much encumbred with Brownists and Separatists, where dwelt a Gentleman of a very honest and upright heart, who had a daughter about the age of nineteene, she was witty, but withall proud, which the devil alwaies inveigled her with, that it might prove a cloud to eclipse all her other vertues wherewith it had pleased God to endue her with.

This Gentlewoman (to the intent she might make her selfe merry) changing her apparell, and disguising her selfe as much as possible she could, went to a place where these Brownists did commonly hold their conventicles, that she might behold and see the manner of their living, and how they were affected in their Religion. Now she having beforehand heard of some part of their uses, she met with a Sister of the holy Sect, and saluted her after this manner.

Well met sister, I pray you can you resolve mee what Brother teacheth to day; the holy Sister replyed she could not tell, but shee heard that a very honest man, a Chimney-sweeper, was appointed for the same purpose, a man to whom it had pleased God to give abundance of the Spirit, but I heard againe he was dismissed, because he went in blacke like our corrupted Popish Schollers: but will you walke Sister, I perswade my selfe that we shall have a worthy man, because it is Mr. *Bryans* turne to elect the man for to day.

Together they goe, and this holy Sister conducts this Gentlewoman to a very large stately Barne, where was a very great company met together, where the Teacher for that day being a most Reverend Barber, had placed himselfe in a Sciffe, such a thing as men carry Hey or Straw in, where after such postures as they use, (as making changlings faces, stroking the Beard, picking the nostrils, and such like) according as the Spirit moved him, hee began his prayer as followeth;

O God which art our Lord, our Redeemer, our Saviour,

Saviour, the very breath of our noſtrils, we are now become before thee, we are here preſent before thee, we kneele before thee to beg, to aske, to crave a gift, a beneſit, a bleſſing from thee; Thou knoweſt, O Lord, O God, O Chriſt, that we doe ſerve thee in all ſincerity, in all truth, in all righteouſnes, and that we are ſincere and true, and righteous, and that wee are hated and perſecuted by the Babylonish whore for thy ſake, but we are willing to beare all, to undergoe all, to ſtand to all perſecutions to the death. And now, O Lord, O God, O Chriſt, we are come, met, and kneel heretogether, holy Brothers and holy Siſters, we pray thee, we beſeech thee, wee deſire thee that thou wouldeſt ſo ordaine it that wee may fructifie here among our ſelves, and not ſuffer theſe our holy ſiſters to defile themſelvs with the wicked. Now when he had ended a whole houres prayer, repeating the 3. part of it an hundred times, he delivered his Text, which was taken forth of *Samuel*, the words were theſe, *Is Saul alſo among the Prophets*, from which he gathered that the people thought that *Saul* had not been inſpired by the Spirit, and they held none lawful to be among the Prophets but thoſe who were inſpired by the Spirit, now (dearely beloved brethren, ſaid he, Holy brothers and Holy ſiſters attend and marke,) we hold the very point which they did in thoſe dayes, for ſurely no man is fit for this holy ſervice, but a very devout man, and who is familiar with the Spirit, and for this one reaſon may we ſet our ſelves with all might & main againſt thoſe Scholars, as Biſhops, Deanes, yea and Deacons which ſtrive to conſtrue the Scriptures according to the

of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, which last Language ſtincks like a piece of beefe a twelve moneth old, yet never ſalted.

Thus he went on as if he had bin mad, infinitely raying and rauing againſt Learning and Languages, eſpecially that of the Beaſt. Now when he was about the middle of his diſcourſe (as all thought) turning up the white of his eyes in devotion, hee perceived this ſtrange ſiſter, at whoſe firſt gaze the ſpirit began to move him indeed, but it was that of the Fleſh; to be brieſe, he thought every minute an houre, till he could draw to ſome end, and ſo diſmiſſe them, that he might but ſingle out this new holy ſiſter, but hee had gotten himſelfe into ſuch a wood of diſcourſe, that it was impoſſible for him to finde any gap for to eſcape: At length hee ſeeing no remedy, hee fell down as if he had ſwouned, whereupon the Brethren male and female run with all diligence to ſee what was the matter, which he perceived (like a counterfeit Raſcall) roſe up and told them he not very well, and ſo cloſed all with an extemporie prayer, and they departed.

This cunning leacherour watching which way this Gentlewoman went, made ſuch haſte after her that he over-took her, and ſhe being by her ſelfe till he came unto her, began to court her after this maner.

Holy ſiſter, when I was teaching to d y, I eſpied you amongſt the reſt, but far more zealous then the reſt, leſt I was deceived with an outward appearance, and withal I viewing the perfections of body wherewith you are indued alſo, it ſtruck me into ſuch a quandarie, that in truth and ſinceritie I ſwounded

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as you saw, in the place where I taught: now verily tis love to your zeal wherewith you do abound, that doth enforce me to sue to you, holy sister, for favor. It seems this was not the first time that he had loved zeal, he could play the loving Orator so well, but woed, and she at length granted, being overcome with his entreaties, and the spirit of the flesh speaking on his side she granted, & at that time lost more then she could ever gain again with Ganges riches, her maidenhead I meane; for it was fourty weeks after plainly seen.

After she had kept them company about seven or eight dayes, she returned towards home, but with a sad and pensive heart; for what she had done began to prick her to the quick. She had not been at home long, but her father and mother began to take notice of this strange alteration in their daughter, yet made as if they did not; But not long after her pensive sorrow was turned into mad tricks, for she would fling, and break things, if any one sought to restrain her, she would scratch and bite, and in her madnesse these were all her words, I'm dam'd, I'm dam'd.

Master *Miller* (for so was her Father called) took great griefe to see his daughter, whom he loued so intirely, in such strange mad fits, using those words before repeated, which made his very heart bleed, sent his man to Oxford to one Mr. *Gill*, a reuerend Diuine his Friend, desiring him that he would take the paines as to come ouer to him to *Banbury*: his Man went, did his Message, and without any stay Mr. *Gill* took horse, and away he went to *Banbury*,

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where Mr. *Miller* after many kinde ſalutations, began and told him the whole diſcourſe, as you have heard already, as farre as he himſelfe knew, and ſhe being in her Fits, Mr. *Gill* deſired to ſee her, and to talke with her, which was moſt willingly granted, he had no ſooner entred the Chamber that he ſaw her, but ſhe cryed out, I'm dam'd, I'm dam'd, avoid Satan, avoid. Which, Mr. *Gill* appeaſed preſently with good words, and began to talke to her, and for the ſpace of halfe an houre ſhe heard him quietly, but then ſhe interrupted him, and called for wine, ſaying, ſhe was dry; all this while, Mr. *Gill* followed her with good admonitions how to live, and how to gaine heaven, if ſhe would follow it, Shee made him anſwer, that what he ſpake was as falſe as God was true, and having a Venice-glaſſe in her hand fild with wine, ſhee threw it to the ground with theſe words, That it was as impoſſible for her to be ſaved, as for that Glaſſe to re-bound into her hand unbroken, which contrary to the expectation of all the beholders, the Glaſſe did. Well, ſaid this Gentlewoman, I will truſt in the Lord my Redeemer, and ſo began to relate the whole ſtory which you have already heard to Mr. *Gill* and her Father. Reader, this I have published, that you may read and rejoyce and take heed, and that the Browniſt may ſee their divellish Hereſies, and repent.

FINIS.